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1. 40, 707, Wm. C. Doremus, York,
Cup. No. 7

Sketch of
Mrs. Thomas C. Doremus.

In Memoriam.

Peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, Jan. 29th, 1877,

Mrs. Thomas C. Doremus.

Widespread is the mourning that has followed this announcement of the summons home of our revered and honored President.

Not in our city or our country alone, but beyond the confines of Christendom, wherever the Gospel of our Saviour has been carried, hearts will quiver with a thrill of pain, and eyes will grow dim with tears that have seldom looked upon the face of this friend far away, but have long loved her for her Christ-like character. Scarcely a name among the living could stir so many pulses as the name of her who, "after serving her generation, has fallen asleep and been gathered to her fathers."

The missionaries of all names and churches, whose comfort she watched over with minutest supervision up to the very hour of their quitting our shores, as with the tender love of a mother for her outward-bound child—these, in their scattered homes, in Greece, in India, in China and Japan, and among the islands of the sea, will miss and mourn for her. Nor less deeply pierced with an abiding sense of loss are thousands who, through successive years in our own land, have drawn from her inspiration, and stimulus, and refreshment whether in the societies she organized or in her hospitable home.

The prisoner in her cell, the sufferer in the hospital ward or in the home of poverty, and many others of the great multitude "who, in this transitory life, are in trouble, sorrow, need, or any other adversity," will miss the lighting-up of their sad surroundings by her gen-

the presence with its unfailing sympathy and service. The rich and the poor, in one common grief, have met together, in one common tribute of reverent love for her who suffered no barriers of class or distance to intercept her Christ-like beneficence, but in a far higher sense than was known to the heathen poet, "counted nothing human alien to her."

Mrs. Doremus was born in this city, of parents who were among its most honored families, members of the First Presbyterian church, under the pastorate of Dr. Rodgers and Dr. Miller.

In her childhood the family removed to Elizabeth, N. J., where she grew up with a band of brothers and sisters (distinguished in later years for all Christian virtues and graces) under the training of one of the noblest of Christian mothers, a lady of rare heroism of character and of saintly excellence.

In 1821 she was married to Mr. Thomas C. Doremus, a merchant of New York city, who was in cordial sympathy with her in all her works of beneficence, and who supplied, with princely liberality the means of sustaining them, so long as abundant means were continued to him.

PERSONAL MEMORIES.

Mrs. Doremus often said that her first interest in the cause of foreign missions dated from 1812, when, as a child, her mother would take her to meetings held by herself and a few friends, Mrs. Isabella Graham, Mrs. Divie Bethune, and others, to pray for the conversion of the world.

When the cause of foreign missions became more generally known under the formation of large Boards, she, who as a child had learned to love this work for the Master, at once contributed her full share of time and gifts.

As the appliances for sewing or purchasing ready-made clothing were not what they are now, the ladies of various congregations

met together to prepare outfits for missionaries. Many of these were prepared in her own home, the material freely given, and cut out by her own skillful fingers. Then as a missionary's departure in those days meant a long voyage of months, sometimes in wretchedly furnished ships, often has she gone to Boston, the usual place of embarkation, and not only fitted up the miserable cabins with comforts for the voyage, but with her own hands made tempting delicacies to sustain the messengers of Jesus, whom, for His sake, she took into her great heart, regardless of denomination.

On one occasion, photographed vividly on the memory of one of the guests, invitations were issued to two hundred clergymen and their wives to spend an evening at her house with Bishop Boone and a party of twelve missionaries who were going out with him to China. Before their departure, the minutest inspection of their state-rooms, and the supply of all deficiencies was generously cared for by this most faithful of friends.

From that day to this, how many sad, homesick missionaries has she cheered with her thoughtful tokens of love and God-speed, and what scores has she welcomed to her ever-open doors, as they returned weary and ill from toils in a foreign clime. Then would she place her most delicate dainties on her table, often saying, as she honored them above her social guests, "It is because they do not get this, that I want them to enjoy it now."

Several years ago Mrs. Doremus went down to a vessel, whose arrival had been telegraphed to her, in quest of a missionary whom she was expecting. It was her habit to leave money in a certain place for telegrams, that, in the possible absence of all the family, no one might be turned from the door, and by this forethought many weary hours of waiting were spared to the returned missionaries. She was on the watch for each one. They might be strangers to her, and it mattered not to what church they belonged, she sought and found them, and often before their arrival was known at the

missionary rooms she had them safe in her own home and at her table. On this occasion she found and attended to the reception of the expected one, but discovered that a missionary returning in impaired health from India, with his wife and six children, was also on board the vessel. Her heart honored at once the claim of the Lord Jesus in the person of these his poor followers. She took them to comfortable quarters, placed them in the special care of the motherly person at the head of the house, and having made every provision for them, left her address in case they should need assistance before she might return.

That very night the poor mother in her extremity came to know, in truth, the need of a friend, and sent for the one who never failed to respond to every such appeal. Taking a skilled nurse with her, Mrs. Doremus hastened to the bedside of the stranger, and, before morning, a seventh claimant on the mother's love was laid in her bosom. The next day the father, with his six children, set out on their journey to a far Western home, and Mrs. Doremus, after providing for them by the way, accepted the post of care-taker for those left behind. For three weeks she visited them daily, carrying delicacies to the mother, and cheering her sick-room with unstinted kindness. As the time drew near for her to rejoin her family, Mrs. Doremus collected ample funds, which she placed in the hands of a lady belonging to the same church as the stranger, saying, "This is your missionary. Take this aid to her; it comes better from one of her own people." She then secured the ticket for her journey at the most advantageous rates, and put up with special care supplies for the way, not forgetting to provide a cloak and cap for the baby, made with her own hands, which, she assured a friend, with her own sweet womanliness, was "pretty, too." Deeds such as this were so common with her that it was only by some casual lifting of the veil they were ever discovered, and not even her own children knew half of them.

On one occasion a missionary was recounting to Mrs. Doremus the outfit given for a second voyage to India, and lamented that only cotton sheets had been provided for the use of a delicate husband in the tropics. Immediately Mrs. Doremus applied to several friends for linen sheets, and when asked to take them at once, said, "Send them to the messenger of Jesus in your own name, as she will appreciate deeply this personal expression of interest." The following day the missionary said to Mrs. Doremus: "My dear friend, do you know the most wonderful thing happened after I mentioned to you my disappointment about the cotton sheets. Ring after ring came to our door, and every one, was to bring in soft linen sheets." Years afterwards, when an occasion called out a repetition of this incident, Mrs. Doremus tenderly said, "I never told my friend that I had asked for them."

This dear and honored friend was ever careful to stretch the golden threads of her remembrance from heart to heart throughout our own country, that, when the electric spark of her precious name should touch them, it would flash brightly and tenderly from one distant home to another.

Far away in a southern parsonage, it was the favored lot of a minister's wife to meet a returned missionary from the mountains of Persia, through the forethought of this revered friend of both. When this lady arrived in England she was met and welcomed by Mrs. Ranyard, the head of the Bible Women's Mission, who in their brief interview, would often say, "You will know this or that when you see Mrs. Doremus." How shall I know her? Who is she? would this lady say to herself. A name of gracious renown to many thousands here and elsewhere, but to her, for a little while, an unknown symbol. She crossed the ocean, landed in New York, and was waiting with one missionary friend while another looked up quarters for them, knowing no one, expecting no one, a lonely bereaved stranger—all her surroundings comfortless and dreary—when

a lady entered, looked here and there, as if seeking some one, and at length asked if she could be directed where to find a lady whom she named, a returned missionary.

After receiving the information she needed, she introduced herself as "Mrs. Doremus," won from the stranger missionary her own name and her companion's, and invited them at once to her home. This being declined, she named a later hour when she would call on them. At the appointed time she came to take these new friends to drive, bringing a copy of a memoir, just published, of the stranger's husband, a touching surprise to greet his young widow on her native shore. Afterwards, she refreshed them as only she could, and as she so often cared for the weary, wayworn pilgrims to the Celestial City. Surely her home must have ever seemed to them the Palace Beautiful, with the smile of the Lord resting on it by night and by day. As this little story was closed by the missionary in that one bright interview when these details were given, the parting word left for Mrs. Doremus was, "Tell her I love her," emphasized with all the eloquence of look and tone that never can be written.

In the early days of missions in the Sandwich Islands, Mrs. Doremus took the deepest interest in the schools. Hearing that they were in danger of being closed, she sought to raise funds to sustain them. Her husband brought her at this time an elegant shawl, just in fashion, but she begged him to give her its cost instead. With this amount she purchased material for the delicate fancy work and embroidery she was so skilled in making, and prepared a box for sale in the Sandwich Islands, which brought five hundred dollars.

ORGANIZED WORK FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Although Mrs. Doremus was for over fifty-three years a communicant of the South Reformed Dutch Church, yet her broad catholic spirit knew no sect, no dividing lines. They were all melted away

in the light of the truth she loved and lived by—the oneness of all believers in Christ.

In 1828 the sympathies of our country were stirred for Greece, so outraged by the Turks. Mrs. Doremus, hearing of the necessities of the Greek ladies, with several friends organized a band to work for their relief. Dr. Jonas King was invited to go to Athens as their representative, taking large supplies.

In 1835 she became deeply interested in MDE. FELLER'S BAPTIST MISSION at GRAND LIGNE, CANADA. In aid of this, a Society was formed in New York, of which she was President since 1860. A warm personal attachment grew up between these kindred spirits, so that Mde. Feller and her co-laborers always made her house their home. Many were the boxes of school apparatus, delicacies, and useful stores which were sent regularly to cheer the hearts of those in that isolated and needy mission.

In 1834, the Rev. David Abeel, returning from his mission in the East, had determined to arouse Christian women to their duty to rescue heathen women from degradation. He organized in England the "Society for Promoting Female Education in the East," from which our Union Society has taken its model. He attempted to accomplish a similar work in this country. Mrs. Doremus and Mrs. Divie Bethune entered into the plan with great zeal, but the opposition of the existing Boards made it expedient to postpone the organization. This seed, long buried, at last blossomed out and yielded full fruitage when our

WOMAN'S UNION MISSION SOCIETY

was formed in November, 1860, which has proved the mother of all similar organizations.

In this, our own Society, it would be impossible to estimate the vitalizing power she has ever been. For fifteen years her home was the headquarters of the Mission, and contained all the machinery

which regulated the work. This may sound but a simple thing as stated, but to those who have known what this consecration of home, service, and privacy involved, the fact is very significant. It was always her beautiful reply, when asked if this or that could be done, "All I have is the Lord's."

She was literally a mother to the dear representatives of our Society, not only welcoming them to her home as candidates, but when strangers to the city, giving them every opportunity of seeing places and people of note. Then when they left or returned to this country, how tender was her parting and welcome! How many touching tokens of personal self-denial she surrounded them with! Her correspondence among them was immense, in which she carefully avoided business details, but wrote as a mother might have done. She would glean items of daily interest and sketches of lectures to send them, that something fresh from their native land might give variety to their lives of arduous toil. No event of public importance transpired that she did not send copies of newspapers to all the stations. Then she was always on the lookout for inspiring books, which she sent to them by mail, feeling that all that cheered their lives would strengthen them for duty.

WORK FOR THE CITY

It would give but a one-sided view of our friend's immense benevolent exertions, if only her missionary work were mentioned. She often said that her prayer from childhood was, that the Lord would make her useful to the poor and suffering, and a comfort to the sick. Religiously was this prayer carried out in her daily life. Many families have been supported by her gifts and collections, and hundreds of the Lord's poor and sick were supplied with dainties from her own table. She always kept stores of food and clothing to give away, and regularly made jellies and comforts for the sick.

More than forty years ago she began a Sabbath service in our

city prison, and by personal ministrations rescued many a lost and wandering creature. Her family have heard her say that many whom she has since seen in their carriages she had restored to their families, carefully avoiding any mention of their sojourn in prison. From this prison-work grew her interest in the "WOMEN'S PRISON ASSOCIATION," with which she was connected for thirty-two years, and of which since 1863 she was the presiding officer.

For thirty-six years she was a Manager of the "CITY AND TRACT MISSION SOCIETY," and for twenty-eight years a Manager of the "CITY BIBLE SOCIETY."

She was one of the founders in 1850, and since 1867 the President of the "HOUSE AND SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY," a charity whereby work is given to poor women, and then sold at a nominal price to them, that by its wise principle gives the poor a feeling of personal self-reliance while rendering them assistance. The Saturday before the sad injury of our revered friend she distributed the annual prizes to the children of this school, who are too poorly clothed to avail themselves of our public school instruction, and who receive a warm dinner daily as an inducement to regular attendance.

For twenty-three years Mrs. Doremus was connected with the "NURSERY AND CHILD'S HOSPITAL" which she aided in founding, and of which she was always the Second Directress.

In 1855 she bent all her energies to the establishment of the "WOMAN'S HOSPITAL," the first institution of this character in the world. After repeated disappointments Dr. J. Marion Sims, with whom the idea originated, came to Mrs. Doremus with his project. Although her hands were full of good works she could not resist his plea for suffering in this form. She interested her influential friends in the plans, and then with characteristic humility took a subordinate position, only since 1867 assuming the Presidency. To none of her benevolences did she devote more time and personal sacrifice than to this, going repeatedly to Albany to secure its charter and

various State appropriations, collecting large sums for it, and purchasing its supplies.

She early began a Sabbath afternoon service in the institution, and would secure for it the ministrations of the most prominent pastors of the city representing each denomination. What labor and self-sacrifice this effort involved few could imagine. Engagements for these pastors were necessarily made months in advance, and often notice would be received of some disappointment late on Saturday night. Nothing daunted she would leave in the early hours of the Sabbath and search the city for a supply. Often has she been seen to come into church breathless from haste, when she would whisper "I have secured a minister," and then peacefully enjoy her own spiritual privileges. After the hospital service she would visit each bedside, giving attractive religious papers and leaflets and saying her gentle words of cheer.

With delicate tact she avoided questioning any patient, but would seek to lead her mind away from her physical sufferings. What numbers she followed, when discharged as cured, with her gentle ministrations, often collecting funds to return them to their distant homes in the most comfortable manner. Even on her last Sabbath of earth she entrusted to one of her daughters the gifts selected for each patient with kind messages, and listened with unflagging interest on her return to the details of the afternoon service, making full preparation for the following week.

In 1866 she assisted in organizing the "PRESBYTERIAN HOME FOR AGED WOMEN," presiding at its first meeting, and since continuing one of its managers.

One of the last societies she was interested in, was the one lately organized as the "GOULD MEMORIAL" for the Italo-American schools. It is very pleasant to remember that Mrs. Gould's mother, Mrs. Bliss, was one of the earliest friends of dear Mrs. Doremus, and associated with her in her Greek work.

Not often is a Christian permitted to see the germs planted in faith grow up within a lifetime into overshadowing institutions of healing for soul and body, but many such in this city and elsewhere owe their origin to her patient labors and far-reaching influence. Winning by her life the highest confidence of the community, means and facilities to a remarkable extent were placed at her disposal, and in this way her efficiency was multiplied a hundred-fold.

During our civil war Mrs. Doremus was most active in distributing supplies to all the hospitals in and around the city, regardless of the different States from which the sufferers came. A large detachment of wounded officers came unexpectedly one warm day when she was at work in the city hospital in the Park. She saw their distress for handkerchiefs, and immediately purchased and hemmed with her own hands dozens for their supply.

Her devotion to the young and her wonderful attraction for them was one of the most charming features of her whole life. She kept a store of children's toys and pictures to amuse her little visitors, and was always doing something for their pleasure. In the midst of her over-crowded days she found time to take many a missionary's child sight-seeing, entertaining them for hours.

One of her favorite occupations was that of planning work for the young, for, as she often said, it was "doing double good."

All her life interested in Sunday-school and Bible-class work, she commenced an infant class connected with her own church when its removal up-town opened a fresh field of usefulness. To this class, which soon gathered numbers together, she gave not only its melodeon and library but all its rewards and picture-cards illustrating the lessons she desired to impress on the children.

In addition to her own family of nine, she not only adopted several children into her heart and home, caring for them like a mother, but she also secured means for the thorough education of others.

CARE FOR HOME.

With all her world-wide usefulness it is peculiarly sweet to remember that her home was the scene of her tenderest cares. No outside duty was undertaken until that first claim had been faithfully discharged. The mind that could have ruled a kingdom, gave its best energies to the ordering and beautifying of that dearest realm of a true woman. Not only was she the sunshine and soul of her own home, but each individual taste of every member of her family was habitually remembered and cared for. Few things were more touching than her acts of personal ministering to their comfort, or that of her guests, from a heart, however occupied in great works, always "at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize."

She would paint with her children, using her own skill and beautiful taste to incite them to exertion. She designed her own patterns for embroidery. With marvelous rapidity she could model in wax, and was skilled in all the accomplishments of her day—even to the latest hour of her active life enjoying the old-fashioned occupation of sewing.

One of her most fruitful means of doing good was by giving books, of which she had a choice store, selecting them with careful discrimination for each recipient.

Always having very delicate health, and for many years an active difficulty with her lungs, she habitually said, "I do to-day, for fear to-morrow will never come."

Her triumphant faith, which outrode all obstacles, was a marvel to all who knew her. If she came to a prominent barrier in any work she felt was an important one, she never hesitated; **IT MUST YIELD**, for she never would retract one inch from her determination. Amid all her trials, and she had a long life of remarkable sorrow and discipline, her faith rose strong with unquestioning obedience. She often said, "Our Heavenly Father never wishes us to ask, 'Why?'" And even in the mysterious accident which closed her life not one

murmur rose to her lips.

Her rest was taken in a change of occupation, so that she was never found idle. When not busy with her untiring pen and needle, she would resort to some choice book, and managed to read all the best literature of the day.

SECRET OF POWER.

If one asks for the secret of the matchless success of her life, it is found in her PERSONAL CONSECRATION.

Born to affluence and a high social position, and possessed of remarkable beauty, she had every inducement to become a votary of fashion. But in the morning of her day she chose "the better part," and at the same time caught the spirit of her favorite text, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with THY MIGHT."

Much of what she accomplished is due to the very rare combination of her endowments. She had power to lay great plans and organize grand movements, and withal a marvelous memory of details. Nothing was too trivial to be overlooked if it would add perfection to the organization. To her latest day her memory was true to its trust for dates and incidents, everyone of which was accurate and thoroughly at her command, and all used for the benefit and comfort of others. From the very beginning of her Christian life her many beautiful gifts, her rare intelligence, her dauntless will, were all consecrated to the service of her Redeemer, and thenceforth transfused by His Spirit, were quickened into ever brightening emanations of loving activities.

To her to live was Christ; and this life, fed by constant communion with Him by the wayside, in the crowded car, as well as in the seclusion of her home, drew to it all that was noblest and best in every character that approached her, and awakened latent capabilities of usefulness in minds before unconscious of them. With her, religion was a warm, beautiful inspiration, making everything she

touched a sharer in the radiance of her own spirit. "Cheerfulness," she always said, "was a Christian duty," and her unfailing playfulness and wit continued a bright feature of her closing days even amid all her agony. Her consideration for others never deserted her to the latest hour of her life.

On the Sabbath previous to an injury from a fall, she attended three services—that of her own church, the Woman's Hospital service, and a missionary meeting held in Calvary church, for Dr. Riley, of Mexico, and Dr. Schereschewsky, of China.

On the Saturday before she passed away, she had a long interview with Dr. Wells Williams in reference to the China Mission, and only an hour before she went to her glorious reward her mind was planning for her dear missions.

One friend whose personal memory of her extends over a third of a century, says: "It was one of her peculiarities never to be without a task of goodness on hand. Early and late, in sunshine and storm, she was everywhere; now in a dismal cellar, now in the attic of a tenement-house, now in the cell of a prison, and now in an editor's sanctum to influence, through the press, a variety of humane actions. Early in the morning, and even while it was yet dark, she was at her work for the Lord. While others were sleeping, she went to the market and carefully purchased the food for one, two, and three asylums of which she had this great care, in addition to that of her own house. Then the rounds of them all must be made, as if she were the physician in charge of each of them. Individual cases of special need were cautiously watched. The spiritual wants of these institutions she supplied by bringing pastors and others with the Gospel for the sick and the poor. And thus in all these refuges of the distressed, she was an angel of mercy whose very shadow was a blessing and her presence a light and comfort unspeakable."

Another says: "Wherever you met her you might be sure that she was on some mission of benevolence. While others slept she was

already at her favorite work; and often far into the night she sat at the bedside of the suffering and dying. A medical man of our acquaintance has described in our hearing how, on entering a street car at two o'clock in the morning, he found her as the only other passenger, and discovered that often thus she stole out to cheer some lonely patient in the ward of the hospital by whispering in her ear words of sympathy and prayer.

"Her beautiful face, with its glory-halo of silver hair, and her quick, firm step were well known on all our city streets, and wherever she went she was not only safe from insult, but was greeted with benedictions. The roughest men were subdued by her calm, courageous, yet loving demeanor, and even the strongest yielded to the irresistible might of her womanly gentleness. Every sufferer had in her a friend, and though she was conscientiously attached to the church of which she was a member, she loved all who called the Saviour LORD, and rejoiced in the prosperity and success of every branch of evangelical Christianity."

After dwelling on her large-hearted labors in behalf of missions and missionaries, he continues: "Nor were these 'labors of love' prosecuted by her at the expense of her home life. 'The heart of her husband did safely trust in her,' and her household was managed by her as admirably as if, instead of having so many public cares upon her, she had been simply and only a housekeeper. She recognized that the center of her influence was in the family, and in the training of her children and her intercourse with her grandchildren she was simply admirable. The marvel to all her friends was how she contrived to get through so much work each day, especially as her frame was always fragile and her strength seemed always just about to give way. But He who kept always a little oil in the cruse of Zarephath blessed her to the last with a little strength; and as she put that into the hands of the Master, He multiplied it to the accomplishing of all her labors.

"The central principle of her life was love to JESUS. She did everything for Him, and wherever she went she took Him with her. A friend met her one evening in the crowd at the door of the Hippodrome, during Mr. Moody's meetings, and said to her, 'What! you here alone?' and the reply came quick and decided, in that tone of voice we loved so much to hear, 'No! I am never alone!' That was the 'open secret' of her unique career. Hers was a consecrated life, laid in meek humility on the altar of the Lord. For more than half a century she was 'a living sacrifice.'

" 'Well,' said her pastor, in that beautiful address he made over her remains, 'here is her epitaph, written eighteen hundred years ago by St. Paul, in his description of the holy widow: "Well reported of for good works: she hath brought up children; she hath lodged strangers; she hath washed the saint's feet; she hath relieved the afflicted; she hath diligently followed every good work." '

"Here was a life altogether womanly, yet how grandly useful, girlding the work as it did with blessing."

LAST OF EARTH.

Vain would it be to dwell on the details of that mysterious death blow. A fall in her own house on Monday, the 22d of January, proved to be the whispered word to call her to rest. A week followed of agony heroically borne, of triumphant faith awaiting peacefully the coming of her "Father's chariot," and then the abundant entrance upon the exceeding and eternal weight of glory! She has passed within the veil. Her beautiful life, this side of Heaven, is closed, but not lost. God has been honored in her, and blessings innumerable have been granted in answer to her prayers, in response to her life-long labors. The seeds of light that she sowed broadcast shall never cease to bring forth their multiplying harvests of glory to God and good to man.

The seraphic beauty of her face, as for the last time we looked

upon it in the home she so loved and blessed, no one who saw it can forget. It seemed as if Heaven's own rest and joy must have come to her before her spirit fled. Her slender form was borne reverently into the church, where for so many years she had worshiped, and was laid before the pulpit in the midst of the beauty and perfume of fragrant flowers, the offerings of loving hearts. Only a full sheaf of golden grain, with the victor's palms, lay upon her pall, rich in its bright suggestions. The church was densely crowded by those who had come, not from curiosity, but as friends and mourners for one whose loss the whole community deplored, and rarely has a community been so grandly represented as by that earnest throng.

The venerable Dr. Tyng touched every heart, as with almost inspired eloquence he returned thanks for the life and the memory so useful and so precious.

The Rev. Dr. Rogers gave an appreciative sketch of the character and life of his friend and parishioner, and expressed his belief that she filled a wider sphere of Christian usefulness than has been allotted to any other individual of our day. "For the first time," he said, with touching impressiveness, as he bent over her form lying before the pulpit, "she rests from her labors."

Five eminent clergymen took part in the closing services, and many others were present to pay the last tribute of love and respect to their friend.

Almost every paper of eminence contained expressions of widespread sense of loss, and on the following Sunday many clergymen, of all denominations, both in her own city and distant ones, made her life the subject in their pulpits of thanksgiving to God for so bright an example and incentive, and gave utterance to a deep sense of bereavement in common with the whole community.

THOUGHTS FOR THE HOUR.

And now, dear friends, who have read this brief and truthful

sketch of a life crowded in every moment with loving works for the Master, we ask you, in all tenderness, what will you do for the cause nearest to her heart? Will you lay these pages down, with a glance of reverential admiration that such a life was given to the world, or with a passing sigh, that you are not sufficient for these things?

Rather will not every one who loved our dear Union Society, and appreciated what she did for it, take this cherished child of her love to your own hearts, caring for it tenderly as she did, praying for it unceasingly, and widening daily its sphere of usefulness?

In the words of her pastor at her funeral, we would say, "To those who have been associated with Mrs. Doremus in Christian work, this is a solemn hour. Your counselor, your helper, your friend, has left your companionship, and walks in the Paradise of God. She sees the King in His beauty. She abides in the land where the inhabitants shall no more say 'I am sick,' and where God's own hand wipes every tear away. You remain to complete your earthly work, and to be ripened for your rest. Remember the words which she spoke to you while she was yet with you. Learn more thoroughly the one great lesson of her life—how to 'serve your generation by the will of God.' Rise to the point of an unreserved consecration of everything to Christ. 'Be ye faithful unto death, that ye may receive a crown of life.'

"And now rising above the feeble utterances of earth's friends; better than all that we can give, this poor tribute, of our praises, and our tears, I hear a voice from Heaven saying unto me, 'Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth, yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them.'"

Amen, and Amen.

MRS. J. HOWARD-SMITH.

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